

A Thrilling Experience.
Corsicana, Texas, May 18.—In response to your general invitation to ex-Confederates to send you an account of anything of interest that came within their knowledge during the war, I herewith send you an account of escapes from two Northern prisoners—the first of which came within my personal knowledge.

I was a member of company C, Fortieth Alabama infantry, and, with others of my regiment, was captured on Lookout mountain, Tennessee, November, 1863, and carried to Rock Island prison, where, with about 10,000 other prisoners, I remained until General Lee on the east side had surrendered, when I was exchanged with 1000 others for Yankee prisoners on the west side of the Mississippi river. In June, 1864, the prison gates opened to receive a lot of Morgan's men, who were captured on his last raid into Kentucky, among whom was Henry G. Damon, a boy just from Tallahassee, Fla., who is now a resident of this town, Corsicana, Texas.

It is a fact, about which there is not much dispute, that Rock Island was one of the strongest prisons in the North. Although probably at least 25,000 Confederates were from first to last confined there during the last two years of the war, it is believed that not more than ten ever escaped. Among them were two others, one another Florida boy, C. C. Heming, now a banker in Gainesville, Texas, who walked out in broad daylight, clad in a Federal soldier's uniform. The other was an Alabama boy, John T. McInnis, of Sumter county, Alabama, who also walked out with a Federal uniform on, while the Federals were returning to their quarters one evening after roll call in the prison. He is a very prominent citizen now in Eastern Mississippi, and I think his postoffice is Meridian.

The prison was a rectangular inclosure, covering about twenty acres, surrounded by a whitewashed fence twelve feet high. Guards were stationed on a platform attached to the fence on the outside three feet below the top. The dead line was a ditch about twenty feet from the fence, and from four to eight feet deep, in most places dug down to the solid rock. The prisoners had to stop on their side of the ditch on penalty of being shot. Various plans of escape were concocted, nearly all of which came to grief. Tunneling for awhile was the favorite method, but that always ended in failure, for the reason that the tunnel had to be not less than sixty feet long and extend under the ditch, which as above stated, was nearly everywhere dug down to the solid rock. A charge might have been successfully attempted, but getting off the island was the great trouble. After duly considering all the chances, Damon concluded he would try the simplest plan, which was to get to the fence and dig a hole under it. This plan had all the charms of novelty, for out of that host of prisoners up to that time no one had ever made their escape that way, except into eternity. He chose for his attempt a point near the south gate, about fifteen feet from a large reflecting lamp that threw a bright light all around. This seemed to make the attempt more hazardous, if possible, but Damon had in his favor the fact that the guards on the fence had longer beats near the gate than elsewhere. One evening in September while the prisoners were walking in the twilight about the prison yard, Damon with a few friends strolled to the edge of the ditch opposite the point he had selected and sat down. The janitor a few minutes before had finished lighting his lamps and gone out. No other blue uniformed man would enter the gate before the next morning.

Not long after they had taken their seats—the guard going east and the one going west started from the gate at the same time, of course their backs were turned to each other. This was what Damon was waiting for. When they had nearly reached the other end of their beats Damon jumped into the ditch, which here was about six feet deep, and hugged the opposite banks. There he dug some holes with his case-knife to facilitate climbing out, and awaited the signal which one of his comrades was to make. As soon as it came he sprang out of the ditch and made a rush to the fence. There was a wheelbarrow near the fence and Damon thought he could lie under it and dig. To his consternation he found

No Hope



for you, said four different physicians, but I still had sufficient left to try Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, as it was highly recommended to me. I had suffered for years with heart trouble; so bad was my case I was given up to die several times. Had severe palpitation, short breath and much pain about the heart, fluttering and smothering spells, but Dr. Miles' Heart Cure gave me prompt relief and finally a permanent cure.

Mrs. J. L. Taylor, Owensboro, Ky.

DR. MILES' Heart Cure

is sold by all druggists on guarantee first bottle benefits or money back. Book on heart and nerves sent free. Miles Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind.

it too low for such a purpose, so while the guard was above him, like an ostrich he concealed his shoulders under the wheelbarrow, and when the guard was at the far end of the beat he came out and dug. In about half an hour the hole was large enough and then he disappeared from the view of the friends who were watching him. The next morning, when from the prisoners' side of the dead line I saw the hole that Damon had crawled through, around which were gathered several Yankee officers and privates, I wondered how it was possible for a man to squeeze through so small an opening. I afterward ascertained that the man was a boy of 18, five feet four inches high, whose weight had been reduced by sickness to ninety pounds.

After I met Comrade Damon in Corsicana he told me that on the outside the danger seemed to have only fairly begun. He found himself fifty feet from the guard house, in front of which was a large lamp, and not more than ten steps away soldiers were passing, who, if they had glanced in his direction, could easily have seen him against the whitewashed fence. Hastily crawling down the fence, he soon came to a large bush, behind which he crouched until the beating of tattoo. This was the signal for all soldiers to get to their quarters, and then he breathed more easily. The next problem was to get away from the fence. The moon was at its full, and walking the platform above him was a sentinel, whose slow, measured steps soon brought him to the end of his beat. Then he was joined by the sentinel on the next beat. The two exchanged greetings and then started back. When they seemed to have gone sufficiently far Damon stole away from the fence. One of them, however, heard him, and turning round and seeing a man walking off, brought his gun down and cocked it, but fortunately did not carry out his intention to shoot. Damon, pretending not to notice him, leisurely pursued his way, and had the satisfaction of seeing the sentinel, after irresolutely pausing a few seconds, replace his gun and resume his walk.

To give in detail Damon's account of his subsequent adventures would make this article too long. Suffice it to say that on the second morning after his escape he was in Chicago, where Mrs. Judge Morris, lovingly called by the boys at Camp Douglas the Confederate prisoners' mother, directed him to the Confederate rendezvous at Marshall, Ill., where some of Morgan's men and other Confederates were engaged in an endeavor to organize a revolt among the Southern sympathizers in that section. The next week he, with Captain John B. Castleman, of whose company, in the Second Kentucky, he was a member (the same Castleman who was colonel of the First Kentucky in the war with Spain), and Lieutenant Mumford were on their way to Evansville, Ind., to perfect an organization there. By the merest accident they were arrested at Sullivan, Ind., their true characters discovered and were sent to Indianapolis, where, not long afterward, Damon was placed in Camp Norton. Caught in an attempt to escape he and a comrade were made to mark time from 9 o'clock at night until 12 o'clock next day—fifteen hours—with a further penalty to Damon of solitary confinement on bread and water for two weeks. Four days after his return to the pen, November 14, 1864, occurred the famous charge, when sixty unarmed prisoners, including Damon,

made a break for liberty and went over the fence. This time he made good his escape, and soon afterward reached the Confederate lines.

"Little Henry," as he is familiarly known with us, is still a soldier—but a soldier of the cross, and as grand, a little soul as ever took up arms in defense of his country or his cross in the army of the Lord, loved, honored and respected by every man, woman and child in Corsicana, where he has lived for over twenty-five years.—Robert F. Coleman in Houston Post.

Hot Springs, Ark.,

is no competition against Lippman's Great Remedy for the cure of Rheumatism.

James Newton, Aberdeen, Ohio, says P. P. P. did him more good than three months' treatment at Hot Springs, Ark. W. T. Timmons, of Waxahatchie, Tex., says his rheumatism was so bad that he was confined to his bed for months. Physicians advised Hot Springs, Ark., and Mineral Wells, Texas, at which places he spent seven weeks in vain, with knees so badly swollen that his tortures were beyond endurance. P. P. P. made the cure and proved itself as in thousands of other cases, the best blood purifier in the world, and superior to all Sarsaparillas and the so-called Rheumatic Spring.

Sold by all druggists.

Sawdust Graduates.

Most of the circus acrobats and not a few of the rough and tumble comedians of the stage who have graduated from the ring were reared and learned the rudiments of their business in the lumber towns of the northwest. In the "business" these are known as "sawdust towns" on account of the sawmills, which are their chief industry. There are many of these in Wisconsin and Michigan and several in Iowa that have turned out the bulk of the acrobats and tumblers in the business.

In the "sawdust towns" the small boys have exceptional facilities for learning to turn somersaults and hand springs in the great beds of sawdust that surround the mills. Soon they begin to try the more difficult feats they see done in the shows that visit the towns. After school hours they tumble until it is time to go home and do the "chores." From out of them all there generally rise two or three boys who get the knack of the acrobatic feats, and these work in constant rivalry, each trying to excel the other.

One day along comes a circus, and the best boy tumbler applies for a job and shows what he can do. Perhaps he is given a chance as a "top mounter," or the top man in a pyramid act, because he is light and active. When he gets older, heavier and stronger, he may become an "understander," or the man who holds a mountain of men on his shoulders. And thus he gets to the slow business.—Exchange.

The Shakers of Mount Lebanon, a community of simple, honest, God-fearing men and women, have prepared the Shaker Digestive Cordial for many years, and it is always the same, simple, honest, curative medicine that has helped to make the Shakers the healthy, long-lived people that they are. The Shakers never have indigestion. This is partly owing to their simple mode of life, partly to the wonderful properties of Shaker Digestive Cordial. Indigestion is caused by the stomach glands not supplying enough digestive juice. Shaker Digestive Cordial supplies what's wanting. Shaker Digestive Cordial invigorates the stomach and all its glands so that after awhile they don't need help. As evidence of the honesty of Shaker Digestive Cordial, the formula is printed on every bottle. Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to \$1.00 per bottle.

The Mistress—Bridget, you must stay until I get another girl.
Bridget—That was my intension, anyway. I want her to know the kind of a woman ye are!—Harper's Bazar.

Solomon was the wisest of men. He knew enough to cut his copy up into short paragraphs. In that way he succeeded in getting his writings read.—Boston Transcript.

Tolstol's Sense of Honor.

At one music party at Count Tolstol's a lady's singing displeased the count's boys, and they adjourned to another room and made a noise. Their father lost patience and went after them, and a characteristic admonition ensued.

"Are you making a noise on purpose?" he asked.

After some hesitation came an answer in the affirmative, "Y-y-yes."
"Does not her singing please you?"
"Well, no. Why does she howl?" declared one of the boys, with vexation.
"So you wish to protest against her singing?" asked Lyeif Nikolaevitch in a serious tone.

"Yes."
"Then go out and say so or stand in the middle of the room and tell every one present. That would be rude, but upright and honest. But you have got together and are squealing like grasshoppers in a corner. I will not endure such protests."—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Would Draw a Crowd.

A singer named Gordon once complained to Handel of the style of his accompaniments, which attracted the attention from the singer, saying that if he did not accompany him better he would jump upon the harpsichord and destroy it.

"Very well," said Handel. "Tell me even you will do that, and I will advertise it. More people will come to see you jump than to hear you sing."

Blood Troubles:

Cancer, Scrofula, Old Sores, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, Chronic Ulcers.

As the blood contains all the elements necessary to sustain life, it is important that it be kept free of all impurities, or it becomes a source of disease, poisoning instead of nourishing the body, and loss of health is sure to follow. Some poisons enter the blood from without, through the skin, absorption, or inoculation; others from within, as when waste products accumulate in the system and ferment, allowing disease germs to develop and be taken into the circulation. While all blood troubles have one common origin, they have some peculiarity to distinguish it from the other. Contagious Blood Poison, Scrofula, Cancer, Rheumatism, Eczema and other blood diseases can be distinguished by a certain sore, ulcer, eruption or inflammation appearing on the skin. Every blood disease shows sooner or later on the outside and on the weakest part of the body. Many mistake the sore or outward sign for the real disease, and attempt to cure by external applications. Valuable time is lost and no permanent benefit derived from such treatment.

BLOOD TROUBLES REQUIRE BLOOD REMEDIES.—Blood must be completely and permanently eradicated—the blood must be purified and cleansed, or the disease will not be cured. The treatment usually prescribed in this class of diseases is the use of salves, liniments and other doses—never cure, but do much harm by adding another poison to the already over-poisoned blood.

S. S. S., Nature's own remedy, made of pure herbs, attacks the disease in the blood, antitoxins and forces out all impurities, makes weak, thin blood rich, strong and healthy, and at the same time builds up the general health. S. S. S. is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known, and the only one that can reach deep-seated blood troubles. A record of 50 years of successful cures proves it to be a reliable, unfailing specific for all blood and skin troubles.

Free Medical Treatment.—Our Medical Department is in charge of skilled physicians, who have made blood and skin diseases a life study, so if you have Contagious Blood Poison, Cancer, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Eczema, an Old Sore or Ulcer, or any similar blood trouble, write them fully for advice about your case. All correspondence is conducted in strictest confidence. We make no charge for this service. Book on blood and skin diseases free.

SSS

The Center of the Earth.

Of late years the general view has been that the interior of the globe, though partly liquid, is for the most part solid. Some have considered that a section through the earth would show the following:

(1) An outer solid envelope, (2) a semifluid envelope, (3) a fluid envelope, (4) a semifluid envelope, (5) a solid nucleus. No. 1 results from a reduced temperature only, No. 2 from a pressure and temperature not quite sufficient for liquefaction, No. 3 from a temperature sufficiently high to produce complete liquefaction, No. 4 from a pressure so great as to prevent even the terrific heat which most certainly exists deep down in the earth from completely liquefying the material on which it works, and No. 5 from a pressure which overcomes completely the liquefying power even of the maximum heat of the interior.

This pressure is estimated to be at the center of the earth 7,180,593,750 pounds to the square foot, a pressure so enormous that no known substance could fuse beneath it. Even hydrogen at the highest possible temperature would under such conditions become as hard as a diamond. Hence it seems probable that, far from there being a vacuum at the center of the earth, there is a basis of intensely solid matter there.—Pearson's Weekly.

During last May an infant child of our neighbor was suffering from cholera infantum. The doctors had given up all hopes of recovery. I took a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to the house, telling them I felt sure it would do good if used according to directions. In two days time the child had fully recovered. The child is now vigorous and healthy. I have recommended this remedy frequently and have never known it to fail.—Mrs. Curtis Baker, Bookwalter, Ohio. Sold by Wight & Bro. and all medicine dealers.

He Apologized.

International courtesies are to be observed even in disreputable professions. Josiah Flynn, who has shared the company of tramps in order to procure data as to their methods of living, relates an instance of true politeness from one of that unsavory brotherhood. He says in "Tramping With Tramps":

"In Glasgow a fellow vagabond did me a good turn. We were walking along the street, when three town tramps came along and 'guyed' my hat. My companion noticed it, and I told him I had suffered in that way before. Then he turned sharply about on the scuffers and thundered out: 'Who're you lookin' at? Ef you're tryin' to guy this Yank, you'd better stop! Ef you don't, there'll be a fight! 'Let's run,' said I, 'if you really mean that.'"

"Not much! I'm English, you know, and I can knock out any Scotchman that comes round. I'm in the mood for it right now."

"The town vagabonds took him at his word and left. Then I said to him, 'You English fellows seem to have things pretty much your own way here.'"

"Yes," said he; "we English fellows know how to bluff. We've been bluffin' the world now for a good many years." "You forget the United States?" I could not help interjecting.

"Beg pardon, Yank," said he. "Beg pardon!"

Deceitful Man.

Two men were standing together in a postoffice. One of them happened to notice that a postcard held in the fingers of the other was addressed to the holder.

"Why, what does this mean?" he asked. "Do you address letters to yourself?"

"In this case, yes," was the answer. "That's funny."

"Well, not so very. See the other side."

He held it up, and the other side read: "Brother Blank—There will be a meeting of the I. O. O. S. B. No. 387, at the hall tonight to transact special business. Members not present will be fined \$10. J. B., secretary."

"Yes, but I don't exactly catch on," protested the innocent.
"Oh, you don't? Well, I got the cards printed myself. The society is all a myth. When I want to go out of an evening, I direct one of these cards to my house. I reach home, and my wife hands it to me with a sigh. I offer to stay home and stand the fine of 2 guineas, but of course she won't allow that. That's all, my friend, except that the scheme is worked by hundreds of others, and the poor, deluded wives haven't tumbled to it

THE HARDY GOAT.

It Can Be Made Valuable as a Dairy Animal.

The usefulness of the goat in clearing foul lands and the profitability of the animal for its hair, skin and even carcass are becoming pretty well understood. But the goat is valuable as a dairy animal. If the cows, for instance, are being used for supplying a city milk trade, the keeping of goats for the home milk supply would be an excellent policy. The goat will live where a cow would starve, and, while it, like every domestic animal, will do best on good pasture, it will live and yield milk on astonishingly little food.

The animal and its milk are almost entirely exempt from disease. The milk is more nutritious than that of the cow and agrees with stomachs that cow's milk frequently offends. The animal requires only the cheapest kind of shelter, but it needs shelter from the storms and in winter. If by reason of drought soiling is necessary, leaves, vegetable refuse, peelings of the apple or potato, bread crusts or stale bread, if they are sweet and clean, will be all the feed that is needed.

All goats, however, will not eat the same food, and the feeder will have to study the appetites of the individual animal. Frequent feeding and a variety of food in winter will be found beneficial. Roots, oilmeal, oats, corn (of the latter in the whole state the goat is very fond), are proper feed, especially for the milking goat. Rock salt is greatly relished. The flavor of goat's milk cannot be distinguished from that of cow's milk if it is properly cared for. From three to four pints a day is the average yield of a good milker. The milk is so rich and of such a character that in making pastry it will take the place of eggs.—Epitome.

The Health Problem is most quickly solved by making the blood pure and digestion perfect by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its cures of scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, nervousness and that tired feeling are legion.

The non-irritating cathartic is Hood's Pills.

WHY SHE DIDN'T SING.

Superstition Kept Her From Becoming a Prima Donna.

"I have come across a great deal of foolishness of varying degrees and kinds in my life," said the man who teaches singing. "But in all my born days I never before met anybody as hopelessly feeble minded as a young woman I have been taking an interest in lately. She is a stenographer by occupation, and I happened to hear her hum a popular song one day when I was in her employer's office. Of course the production of her tones was all wrong, but her voice was as soft as velvet and big and deep and clear as a cathedral bell. It was a voice such as a teacher doesn't get a chance to work on twice in a lifetime."

"I went to her and asked her to let me try her voice. It proved to be better than I had hoped. It was magnificent. I wanted her to begin studying at once. She had no money, but I didn't want money for bringing out a voice like that. She hadn't much time either, and she told me she was too tired to sing in the evenings after working all day. I told her to get up early and practice an hour or two before breakfast. I thought she looked odd when I told her to do it, but she didn't say she wouldn't."

"Weeks passed, and her method continued as bad as ever. I couldn't understand it. Each lesson found her just where the preceding one left her. At last one day I asked her if she were she wouldn't practice before breakfast flushed and then broke down. She said she hadn't dared to sing before breakfast because it is bad luck."

"Sing before you eat, cry before you sleep," is the saying, and that idiot of a girl believed it so implicitly that she wouldn't practice before breakfast even for the sake of that glorious voice of hers, and as before breakfast was the only time she had to practice the result was—well, I gave her up. She'll live and die a stenographer when she might be a prima donna, and it has served her precisely right. She has sacrificed her future to an idiotic superstition."—Washington Post.

If a census of the colored people were to be taken, we would find that there are few black Smiths among them.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The metal in the big bell of Moscow weighs nearly 200 tons and is valued at several thousand pounds.

TRICK OF A WOMAN SHARPER

She Found a Lace Handkerchief and Quickly Turned It Into Cash.

"I lost a \$3 lace handkerchief today, but I learned one of the tricks of the light fingered people in Chicago," remarked a North Side woman as she came back from a shopping excursion. "Was it worth \$3?" asked her husband.

"Hardly, but it's interesting. I bought a lace handkerchief, and as I walked to the car I stopped to buy a newspaper. I had my purse in my hand and a number of things, of course, and I laid the parcel containing the handkerchief and the check for it down on the corner of a fruit stand near by. After I got to the car I thought of my package. I hurried back; and the package wasn't there."

"Where is the little package I left here?" I asked the Italian vender.

"Zatta litt' pape?"

"Yes."

"Other lady took it."

"I wanted that handkerchief especially to give to a friend for a birthday present. I went to the store again and picked out another handkerchief."

"I am sorry the first one didn't suit you," the clerk said.

"Why, I lost it!" I replied in astonishment.

"You don't say so?" said the clerk. "Why, about ten minutes ago a nice looking woman came in here with that handkerchief, and we took it back and refunded the money. She said that you were her niece and that you were out shopping together. You decided the handkerchief was not just what you wanted, and she came back to return it. We gave her a ticket for the \$3, and she cashed it!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

QUEER EFFECTS OF WHIMS.

Men Who Could Dress Well on Money Wasted For Cigars.

"It's a curious thing how some people will sacrifice themselves to their whims," said a man who prides himself upon his study of human nature. "I don't mean wealthy people, for they can usually afford to do as they like. I am speaking now of people in moderate or less than moderate circumstances. I have in mind a young man whose tastes run to expensive neckwear. He wouldn't think of wearing a tie that costs less than \$2, and he has stacks of them. Now, he can't afford this luxury, so he has to stint himself by wearing \$3 shoes and \$15 ready made suits. He doesn't realize the incongruity of his attire and is perfectly happy if his tie is all right."

"Another chap I know doesn't pay the slightest attention to his personal appearance and is usually rather frayed looking. That's because he spends his money on expensive cigarettes. He smokes only the highest priced imported Egyptian brand, and they cost him 4 cents apiece. He is a fiend and smokes probably 40 a day. You could not hire him to smoke a domestic cigarette which costs half a cent, yet if he did he could afford to dress himself as he should. I could cite numerous instances of this tendency to one extravagance which have come under my personal observation. I can only explain it as a lack of mental balance."—Philadelphia Record.

Washington Church Kodak Fiends.

"The story that a Washington woman sent notices to the ministers of the capital of the opening of her summer home with the request that they be read from the pulpit may be a libel, although I have been told that it is a fact," said a man who has been in Washington for several months, "but I'll tell you what I have seen there—men and women carrying kodaks into their pews on Sunday. No; not to take a snap shot of the minister, but the Washington kodak fiend stops on his way to church to make shots, and after the service he lingers on his way home to do likewise. There is no other place in the country where the kodak fiend is so insatiable as he is in the capital."—New York Sun.

Peculiar Problem.

Subtract 45 from 45 and have 45 left. It can be done, strange to say. Here is the method: Put down the numerals 1 to 9 in a row in reverse order; underneath place the same numerals in regular order. The sum of the figures in each row is 45; subtract the lower row from the upper:

8 3 7 6 5 4 3 2 1=45

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9=45

8 6 4 1 9 7 5 3 2=45

The sum of the third row of figures is also 45. Thus you have taken 45 from 45 and have 45 as a remainder.

A QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS and COLDS

Pyny-Pectoral

The Canadian Remedy for all Throat and Lung Affections.

Large Bottles, 25 cents.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited,

Prop's Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

New York. Montreal.